THE TELEGRAPH.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY
A. THOMSON.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance,
Two Dollars within the year, if not paid until after the expiration of the year
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will be charged.
☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.
☞ All communications on the business of the office must be postpaid to secure attention.
☞ **To Clubs,** of ten or more, the paper will be furnished at a liberal reduction in price.

MEIGS COUNTY TELEGRAPH.

A Weekly Journal—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets and General Intelligence

$2 per Annum. "ONE COUNTRY—ONE CONSTITUTION—ONE DESTINY." $1.50 in Advance.

BY A. THOMSON. POMEROY, TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1855. VOL. 7—NO. 14

OFFICE OF THE TELEGRAPH
FRONT STREET,
SEVEN DOORS BELOW COURT—UP STAIRS.
POMEROY, OHIO.
Rates of Advertising.

One square (13 lines or less) three weeks,	$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
One square, three months,	3 00
One square, six months,	5 00
One square, one year,	8 00
One half column, one year,	20 00
Three-fourths of a column, one year,	25 00
One column, one year,	40 00

☞ Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on copy, will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.
☞ Casual advertisers must pay in advance.
☞ **Job Printing,** of every description will be executed with accuracy and neatness.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Representative in Congress (13th District).—Hon. V. B. Horton, of Meigs county.
State Senator.—Lewis Anderson, of Lawrence county.
Representative—R. Campbell, Racine.

COUNTY AND COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.—Hon. Sheron Nash, Gallipolis.
Judge of Probate Court.—A. Merrill.
Clerk of Common Pleas Court.—Rodney Dowman.
Sheriff.—W. Sherwood.
Prosecuting Attorney.—Jacob S. Earhart.
County Auditor.—R. H. Swallow.
County Treasurer.—Jos. Hawkins, pro tem.
County Recorder.—S. S. Paine.
County Surveyor.—John O. Golden.
County Coroner.—D. Pansburn.
County Commissioners.—David Ervin Jacob, Salisbury; Miles Norman, Orange; Thos. Smith.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS—SALISBURY.

Trustees.—H. H. Whitlock, Isaac Train, Elijah Jones.
Clerk.—Homer Branch.
Treasurer.—H. C. Waterman.
Justices of the Peace.—S. S. Paine, A. M. Barlow, Elijah Jones.
Constables.—Randall Stivers, Oren Jones, John Humphrey.
Assessor—Aaron Stivers.

CORPORATION OFFICERS—POMEROY.

Mayor—Aaron Murdock.
Recorder—S. Halliday.
Trustees—O. Branch, H. S. Horton, T. A. Plants, N. R. Nye, J. C. Probst.
Treasurer—S. S. Paine.
Marshal—L. D Skeels.

POSTMASTERS.

Pomeroy—Geo. Lee.
Middleport—D. Pangburn.
Racine—P. M. Petrel.
Letartsville—Geo. L. Piper.
Chester—Wm. Mitchell.

CHURCHES.

Presbyterian.—Rev. R. Wilkinson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, 10½ o'clock.—Every Sabbath afternoon, at 2½ o'clock, at the new Brick School-house in Middleport.
Methodist Episcopal.—Rev. S. C. Frampton, Pastor. Services at Wesley Chapel, Pomeroy, and Heath Chapel, Sheffield, on alternate Sabbaths, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and 7 P M—and at the lower Church, Pomeroy, at 3 o'clock, P. M. every Sabbath.
Protestant Episcopal—No services at present.
New Jerusalem—No services.
German Methodist—Rev. J. Pfetzing, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock.
German Lutheran—Rev. P. Heid, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning.
German Evangelical Presbyterian (on Linn street).—Rev. L. Theiss, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock.
German Presbyterian (on Plum street).—Rev. —— —— Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock.
Roman Catholic—Rev. John Albrinck, Priest. Services every Sabbath morning.
Welsh Baptist—Peter Lloyd, Pastor. Services every Sabbath, at 10 o'clock, A M, and 6 P M.
Welsh Presbyterian (New School).—Rev. John H. Jones, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10 o'clock, A M, and 6 P M.
Welsh Presbyterian (Old School).—John T. Williams, Pastor. Services every Sabbath, at 10 o'clock A M, and 6 P M.

SOCIETIES.

Masons.—Pomeroy Lodge, No. 164. Stated Meetings, the Monday evening on or before the full moon in each month. Hall in Edwards' building, Front st. M. Bosworth, W. M.; R. B. Wilson, Sec'y.
I. O. O. F.—Naomi Lodge, No. 117. Meets every Friday evening. Hall in Crawford's building. Spaulding Cutler, N. G.; Robert M'Kain, Sec'y.
Mineral Lodge, No. 242. Meets every Tuesday evening, in Stivers' building, corner of Front and Court sts. Wm. L. Downie, N. G.; Washington Stivers, Sec'y.
Sons of Temperance.—Welfare Division, No. 96. Meets every Saturday evening. Hall in Stivers' building. Geo. Dusky, W. P.; Wm. L. Downie, R. S.
Salisbury Division, No. 292. Meets on Saturday evenings. Hall in Rice's building, Middleport. —— W. P. ——, R. S.
New Lima Division No. 504. Meets every Saturday evening. Hall in H. Holt's reed building, in New Lima. —— W. P.; —— R. S.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL—LAWYERS.

THOS. ERVIN, X. A. PLANTS,
ERVIN & PLANTS, Attorneys at Law, Pomeroy, O. nov 20tf.

WILLIAM WALL, JACOB EARHART.
WALL & EARHART, Attorneys at Law. Pomeroy, O. Office in Court-house.

THEODORE MONTAGUE, Attorney at Law, Pomeroy, O. Office in Court-house. Strict attention given to all professional business. Pension or Bounty Land Claimants will find it to their advantage to give him a call.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. S. G. MENZIES. Office, Third-Street, between Walnut and Vine, Cincinnati, O Pays special attention to Diseases of Women. Jy 2, 1853 tf

A. S. PATRICK, Physician and Surgeon,—Offers his professional services to the citizens of MASON CITY and vicinity.
☞ Calls to the country promptly attended to. Mason City, Aug. 22, 1854-33m6.

DR. JOHN ELBEN, Homeopathic Physician, in O. Branch's building, Court-street Pomeroy. Office hours from 8 to 10 A. M.; 1 to 3 P. M.; 7 to 8 P. M. References: Dr. Constantine Hering, Dr. Adolph Lippe Philadelphia. March 13

BANKERS.

DANIEL & RATHBURN, Bankers, Front-street, Pomeroy, O. jy206m*

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Connecticut. O. BRANCH, Agent, Court street, Pomeroy. jan 30

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, &c.

WASHINGTON STIVERS, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, &c. Corner of Front and Court streets, Pomeroy.

JONES & STIVERS, Manufacturers of and Dealers in every description of Clothing. Corner of Front and Court streets, Pomeroy, O. The best workmen constantly employed. Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings kept always on hand. Paris and London Fashions received monthly.

JAMES RALSTON, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, &c. Front street, three doors below Court, Pomeroy, O. dec26.

O. BRANCH & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c., east side of Court-street, three doors above the corner of Front, Pomeroy, O. jan30

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

D. REED & BROTHER, Dealers in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, &c. &c. (Shop in Castle's building.)

CABINET FURNITURE.

A. GATCHEL, Cabinet-maker, and Dealer in all kinds of Furniture, Front st., above Court, Pomeroy, O dec12tf.

COPPERSMITHING.

S. L. THRUSH, Coppersmith, below Pomeroy Salt Furnace, Pomeroy, O. All kind of Copper work for Salt Furnaces, Steamboat etc., executed to order. dec12tf.

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, Mulberry-st., opposite the Court-house, Pomeroy, O. Job Work, of all kinds, horse-shoeing, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch. jan 30.

GEORGE STIVERS, Blacksmith, Mulberry-street, opposite Court-house. Keeps constantly on hand and for sale, one, two, three, and four-horse wagons. Job Work of all kinds executed to order. jan 30

PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.

L. VIGAN, Painter and Glazier, Front street, Pomeroy, O.

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKERS.

L. S. CROFOOT, Saddle and Harness Manufacturer, Front street, five doors below Court, Pomeroy, O.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

T. WHITESIDES, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes. Court street, one door above the corner of Front. The best of work, for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order.

STOVE, TINWARE, &c.

W. J. PRALL, Manufacturer of Tinware, and Dealer in every variety of Stoves, etc., opposite the Court-house, Pomeroy.

PLANING MACHINES, &c.

DAVIS & MORTON, on Sugar Run, Pomeroy, have their Planing Machine in good order, and constant operation. Flooring, weather-boarding, &c., kept constantly on hand, to fill orders. Work warranted to give satisfaction.

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

GEORGE HOSSICK, Baker and Confectioner Front street, a few doors above Court, and one door below Hotel, Pomeroy, O. feb1

WAGON MAKING.

H. & P. CROSBIE, wagon-makers, Mulberry-street, Pomeroy, O., over F. E. Humphrey's shop. Having had long experience in the business, they are enabled to execute, in a neat and substantial manner, all orders for wagons, buggies, carriages, &c., on short notice, and at reasonable terms.

TANNERS & CURRIERS.

J. J. MILES, Tanner and Currier, Butternut street, (on Sugar Run) Pomeroy, O.

MANUFACTURES.

COALPORT SALT COMPANY. Office in Cooper's Building, Coalport, O. Salt for Country trade at retail, Twenty Cents per bushel. April 17.

GEO. P. SMITH & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS,
No. 54 Wood St., Pittsburgh.
ARE NOW RECEIVING AND WILL KEEP UP DURING THE SEASON A FULL AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT
FOR THE SPRING SALES,
To which they invite the attention of the trade. April 3

From the Western Christian Advocate.

Letter from Dr. Thomson.

NUMBER XVIII.

LEAVING LONDON.

Let us leave London. We take the morning train by the South Western railway for Portsmouth. Although the weather is very warm, we have no annoyance from dust; this arises partly from the moisture of climate, but chiefly, perhaps, from the care that has been taken to cultivate the grass up to the track on both sides. We observe the same neatness in the habitations, and skill in the husbandry, as we noticed in passing from Liverpool to London. The houses of the farmers, however, humble are adorned with the wood-bine and the rose, the carnation or the aster, which climb the trellis or allure you up to the gravel walk. The meadows look gay with the buttercup and the daisy.—Much as you have heard about poverty in England, you would imagine as you pass along that the peasant had "his chicken in the pot;" while the numerous villages and country seats remind one of paradise itself. Onward we pass through several towns and tunnels, by Portchester and Cosham, along the base of Portsdown, and around the east side of Portsmouth harbor to the city.

THE NECROPOLIS.

Two places attracted my attention and excited conversation on the way: the first was the great London Necropolis, near Woking, twenty miles from the city. This graveyard embraces about two thousand acres—an immense field for the dead—but perhaps none too large for a city whose mortality is sixty thousand a year. It has been laid out recently by a company denominated the London Necropolis and National Mausoleum Company. The situation is well adapted to the purpose. It is approached through a sandy heath, ornamented with here and there a cultivated plot, and it occupies an undulating tract, having at long intervals groves of stunted firs reminding me of the oak openings of Michigan—but it affords a panorama appropriately picturesque. It is said to be seven times as large as the total area of all the other cemeteries for the metropolis. There is a church in one part of the grounds for members of the Establishment, and a chappel in another for Dissenters.—It was duly consecrated lately by the Bishop of Winchester, on which interesting occasion there was an abundance of good cheer and no lack of good appetite—a free use of the decanter with an accompaniment of appropriate toasts and no less appropriate speeches. The capital which the company is authorized to raise, is about three millions and a half of dollars. Here we see an anticipated advantage to be derived from railroads. Cemeteries have heretofore been either intermural or suburban. In both cases the dead have been crowded within narrow limits, and the living have suffered in health from their decomposition.

One might suppose at first that interments [illegible] would be attended with [illegible] was surprised to learn, however, that the entire mortality of London might be conveyed by the road without detention and without the slightest interruption to the ordinary traffic either upon the streets adjoining the station, or upon the line itself, and that interments through this channel are attended with less expense than those which occur in the nearer church-yards. The tariff of the company is £17 4s., £9 8s., £6. £2 9s., for first, second, third, and fourth-class funerals respectively; so that if a man chooses to die in the fourth class he can be buried pretty cheap.

WINCHESTER.

This one of the most remarkable towns in England, the site of one of the oldest settlements of the island. From the days of Egbert to those of Edward the Confessor it [illegible] of Alfred the Great and Canute. Its cathedral stands on the same spot where Kinegils, the first Saxon King who embraced the Christian faith, laid the foundations of its first English temple. How many great men have been entombed within and around its walls, and how many masses have been chanted for the repose of their souls!

Winchester is the site of a college, which was founded here by William of Wykeham—a man who, by his extraordinary genius raised himself from the depths of poverty to the lofty seat of Lord Chancellor.—Although he was an ecclesiastic he was renowned both as an architect and a civilian. Under his superintendence the park of Windsor was surveyed and its palace reared Having inscribed on the Amphibolous structure, "This made Wykeham," which being read *forward* was a compliment to the king, and *backward* was a compliment to himself, he came near losing the favor of his sovereign. Towards the close of life he found a more desirable and less equivocal way to perpetuate his name, by appropriating his ample fortune to the endowment of two colleges—this of Winchester—St. Mary's—and New College, Oxford—institutions which are destined to live as long as the English language, and dispense their blessings from year to year long after the monuments of their founder's architectural genius shall have mouldered into dust.

PORTSMOUTH.

The bells were ringing a merry peal, the roar of artillery was booming over the sea, and military bands were playing martial airs as I entered my native city. This all might have been for the Lords of the Admiralty, who arrived in the same train that I did; but then it answered *just as well* as if it had been exclusively to greet my appearance. Entering the carriage I was soon put down at the George Hotel, where also the Lords of the Admiralty put up. After they had inspected the port they gave a grand naval ball, which, however, I did not attend for seven reasons, one of which, was that I not was invited. The George Hotel is a very comfortable house, where a traveler may find every thing that he needs and almost everything that he desires. There is no common table; you may have your meals to order at any time, served up either in the coffee-room or your private apartments. There is no appearance of a bar, though liquors are furnished if called for. Here, as in other English taverns, a lady receives you, and when you depart makes out and receipts your bill. With all its cleanliness, order, and comfort, the George Hotel has nothing of the spaciousness and grandeur of the St. Nicholas or the Metropolitan of New York.

WALKS ABOUT THE CITY.

Southsea is a charming promenade. On one side you have handsome terraces, on the other the groves and buildings of the "King's Rooms," a celebrated watering place. Here you may obtain hot, cold, or shower baths. The prospects from the terraces and from the colonnade of the "King's Rooms," are enchanting; the shipping, the Isle of Wight with its majestic hills, the inner harbor with its fortresses, the gun wharf and the dockyard, the castle and the open sea. At one end of the Clarence esplanade are statues of Wellington and Nelson, which were presented to the mayor by Lord Fredrick Fitzclarence in 1850; they were sculptured by Milligan, of London. The fortifications, which were the favorite scenes of my childhood's rambles and gambols, were commenced in the time of Edward IV, and completed, nearly as they now are, in the reign of William III.

Wandering about we met with a number of monuments to remind us that we were in an old country. On a venerable building where, before the introduction of the electric telegraph, rose the semaphore from which signals were made to ships and communications held with London, is a bust of Charles I, with this inscription:

"King Charles the First, after his travels through France and Spain, and having passed many dangers both by sea and land, he arrived here the tenth day of October, 1623."

The object of his travels was to see his intended bride, the daughter of the Spanish king. Happy for him, and perhaps for his country too, had he never returned.

On High-street two objects attracted my notice, one on one side, the other on the opposite: the one a spacious and elegant Unitarian church, erected 1719, long before,—as I supposed—this form of heurodoxy had obtained much influence in England; the other an antique house, celebrated as the one in which the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated by Felton, August 22, 1628. In the "Portsmouth Church" there is a monument to the Duke. It consists of an urn surmounted by a phenix, having on each side pyramids of warlike instruments; above are the arms of the house of Villiers; beneath, the figures of Fame and Sincerity. On the tablet is a Latin inscription, attributing to the noble personage to whom it is consecrated the most exalted abilities and the most charming excellencies. Verily, it would be hard to prove human depravity from the gravestones. It is Charles Lamb, I believe, who wonders, in passing through the graveyard, where all the sad people are buried.

By the way, this Portsmouth Church is one of the most noticeable objects in the place; it was originally built in 1220 and ded[illegible] in 1693, except the chancel and transept, which are those of the original structure. The marriage registry book of this church, is an object of great curiosity, because of the register of the marriage of Charles II with the infanta of Portugal, 1662.

The benevolent institutions of this city are numerous; among them the noted Portsmouth National School, where four hundred poor boys are educated according to the system of Dr. Bell; a grammer school, founded in the last century by Dr. Smith, where fifty boys are educated free; Portsmouth Seamen and Marines' Orphan School, where ninety fatherless boys and girls are provided for.—Among the literary institutions of higher grade and for public benefit are the Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport Library and Philosophical Society. This society is provided during the winter, a course of lectures on moral and physical philosophy and belles-lettres; the Athenæum, among whose curiosities is the figure-head of the Resolution, the ship in which the celebrated Captain Cook circumnavigated the globe; and the Hampshire Library Society. Britain is second to no country in charitable and religious institutions.

PORTCHESTER CASTLE.

One evening I rode out, in company with a cousin, to Portchester Castle. This is one of the most remarkable structures I have ever seen. It is at the head of the northern branch of the harbor, three and a half miles, by water, from Portsmouth, in a position which, in early times, gave it great advantages; a legionary march—twenty miles—from Chichester, and an equal distance from Southampton. It is evidently a Roman fortification. Its form is a square. Its walls are composed of flint stones, set in panels, through the interstices of which hot cement has been poured, and which is harder than the stone itself. The hard-burned brick has, however, been used in its construction, and can be seen in strata on removing the plaster. There is a land-port gate, fronted toward the water, by the prætorium gate. The postern gate—corresponding to the right principal of a Roman camp—leads from the keep through the northern wall. It contains 44,520 square yards—more than sufficient space for two Roman legions. On the left of the location of the prætorium was the site of the temple. This Castle is supposed to have been built between the reign of Claudius, A. D. 42, and that of Vespasian, A. D. 80, and to have become, about the year 286, the naval arsenal and chief dock-yard of Carausius, whose fleets swept the seas from the British Channel to the Thracian Bosphorus.

Roman coins and vases have been found in various places in the vicinity. These are generally of the reigns of Diocletian, Constantinus, Chlorus, Galesius, and Constantinus Magnus. The Castle was named by the Romans "Portus Magnus," doubtless because of its excellent harbor, and its vicinity to the Isle of Wight and the British Channel. It was called by the Britons, Caer Peres; by the Saxons, Portcaster; from which came its present name. At the north-west angle is a "great tower," which is attributed to the Saxons, and was, probably, reared in the sixth century, and served as a defense against the Danes. After the Norman Conquest, the Castle was held for the Conqueror by a constable with a garrison of archers and feudal knights. It has often served for the confinement of political prisoners.

Upon the decline of the feudal system, and the abandonment of the mediæval mode of warfare, it ceased to be of importance, and its garrison was withdrawn. In the reign of Elizabeth, however, it was restored to martial uses, and was often honored with the presence of royalty.

The progress in the art of war gradually sunk Portchester in importance, and raised Portsmouth, whose commanding cannon now protect the harbor's mouth.

Within the walls of this old Roman castrum is a church, erected before the Norman Conquest, and reminding us of those troubled times when churches needed the protection of garrisons.

As this church has not been needed for many years, a gentleman of the last century, who owned the estate to which it belonged, and who lived in a style of great magnificence, took it into his head to make a theater of it, concerning which attempt there is a legend here that runs thus:

In one of the scenes of the first performance a superfluous performer of portentious appearance—horned, hoofed and tailed—figured on the stage. Suddenly lights burned blue, while

"A sulphurous smatch
Of old Lucifer's match"

produced a general scamper of managers, fiddlers, performers, spectators and all.

The English abhorrence of desecrating sacred places affords an explanation.

The upper story of the keep has lately been occupied as a place of amusement, and I noticed that it had been fantastically painted for that purpose.

The land in the vicinity belonged to a priory; but at the Reformation, after the suppression of the monasteries, it passed into the hands of a lay sinecurist.

In 1732, Col. Norton, who was Lord of the Manor, dying without near kindred, left the revenues of his estates, amounting then to $150,000 a year, and $300,000 in money, for "the support of the hungry and thirsty, the sick and the wounded, the captive and the stranger," without distinction of age or country; but as the will was *contrary to the dictates of human nature*, the Court adjudged the testator to be insane, and, setting aside the instrument, gave the property to a distant relative—Mr. Thistlethewayte—in whose family it still remains. Its revenues are from $300,000 to $350,000 a year.

This Castle has often been rented by Government, in time of war, for the confinement of prisoners. During the French Revolutionary war it contained seven or eight thousand French. The Dutch prisoners taken from De Winter's fleet were confined in the great tower, and also the French soldiers taken in Ireland by the British cruising squadron.

Passing out of the Castle, and taking leave of the guide, by placing a crown or two in his hand, a melancholy mood came upon us, as we thought of this great work of—in some respects—the greatest people the world has ever produced—the Romans—and of the many banners and battles that must have been witnessed within its "gray but leafy walls."

We walked slowly through the little village, observing the habitations, mostly the cottages of the poor. Desiring to see one, we rapped at a door, when we were politely received by an old man and woman. We found every thing remarkably neat, and were allowed to walk through the grounds, consisting of about half an acre, cultivated as a garden, and enclosed by a high stone wall.

"What do you pay for these premises?"

"Forty pounds a year."

How they made it I know not; but doubtless it came from that little plot of ground.

As we were leaving the village, we met a farmer.

"There," said my cousin, "is one of Mr. Thistlethewayte's tenants."

"I must talk with him," said I. Being introduced, we had a long conversation.

"How many acres has the Lord of the Manor?"

"A great many."

"Well, that is rather indefinite. Has he four hundred?"

"O, yes; more than ten thousand. I have cultivated one of the farms for many years, and my son has just rented another. He takes to it at Michelmas."

"You, I suppose, know Mr. Thistlethewayte."

"Yes, from a child. I remember when he was born. His father intended to have him born in London. At the time, he sent on a carriage, with the et cateras, and ordered out another for Mrs. T.; but as the good lady was getting into it she had to return. A messenger was immediately sent after the advance carriage, and another for the doctor, and so young master was born among us."

The little intruder! he deserves to be a plebeian for defeating such aristocratic arrangements.

A truce to this. Sense, says one, sometimes, though rarely, produces sense; but it comes up slowly, and needs weeding. But the harvest of nonsense, on good ground, produces a hundred-fold, and springs up immediately.

Returning to the city, I took, next day, a more select walk, in company with a relative, and you may imagine my feelings as he, in passing, said, "Here is where your grandfather made his money." "This is the house where he lived in retirement, and where your mother was married." "This is the house where you was born." "That is the house where your father sunk his fortune," etc.

Off to Kingston now, to look among the graves. Here lie the ashes of my ancestors for successive generations; the faithful, moss-grown stones still bear names and dates. I plucked a daisy for my mother from her father's grave. The old sexton, inquiring my residence, leaped in ecstasy.

"Ohio! dear me, I have just been reading a story about a gal that lived on the Ohio." Taking me back to his house, and calling his wife, he said, "Betsey! here, Betsey! see, here is a man from Ohio! Just see, from the very place we have been reading about! Get the paper! get the paper!" He showed me the tale; but I have forgotten the title.

I was but seven years old when I left my native land, and could, therefore, recognize nothing. Although I have forgotten the *abodes and scenes* of childhood, I have not forgotten the *persons* associated with early years. Had my father and mother died when I left my native shores, I should have known to this day that they loved God and loved me.

I could speak of the dock-yard; the Isle of Wight—that beautiful gem—which looks like the last of earth or the first of heaven; of Osborne House—the Queen's favorite abode; of the regatta, or boat-race, which I witnessed from Ryde, and which the Queen and the royal children honored with their presence. But I fear I should be too tedious, and, therefore, will, I think, say nothing more about England; but, before we go to the Continent, I desire to say something of its *society* as it presented itself to me.

E. T.

The Way it was Done.

The St. Louis Republican, of April 2d, has the following extraordinary dispatch from Independence, dated March 31st, 9 o'clock, P. M. It is headed, "The Jubilee."

"Several hundred returning emigrants from Kanzas have just entered our city.—They were preceded by the Westport and Independence Brass Bands. They came in at the west side of the Public Square, and proceeded entirely around it, the bands cheering us with fine music and the emigrants with good news. Immediately following the bands were about two hundred horsemen in regular order; following these, were one hundred and fifty wagons, carriages, &c. They gave repeated cheers for Kanzas and Missouri. They report that not an Anti-slavery man will be in the Legislature of Kanzas. We have made a clean sweep!"

"We have seen nothing in the line of bold faced impudence and rascality that can hope to match this proceeding. Look at the admissions in the above statement. "Several hundred Returning Emigrants!"—What words could say with more distinctness, that several hundred pro-slavery Missourians had left their homes and business, and took a journey into the various election districts of Kanzas, and, after having voted for members of the Legislature of that Territory, and elected pro-slavery men, they returned to their own State, and on their way passed through the city of Independence, where they made a grand demonstration in honor of their pro-slavery victory. This is precisely what it means, and what it is.—These "returning emigrants" had no more right to vote in Kanzas than a citizen of Columbus. They violated the law of the Territory just as palpably as it was possible to do.

Look at the concluding sentence: WE *have made a clean sweep.*" We, the pro-slavery people of Missouri, have sent enough our citizens into Kanzas to over-ride and control the wishes of the regular settlers, and we have voted Slavery upon them.—'Several hundreds' went from the vicinity of Independence. How many hundreds went from Westport and Kanzas City, and other places west of Independence; how many went from Weston opposite Fort Leavenworth, and from the populous counties of Missouri bordering on the eastern line of Kanzas, it is of course, impossible to tell at this distance; but, from the number of voting men who returned through Independence, we have every reason to suppose they amounted to thousands. And yet this mockery of law and right is perpetrated, upon Kanzas, in the abused and outraged name of "*popular sovereignty.*"

We tell the pro-slavery party of the Union that these things may not be practised with impunity. The free States have most unmistakably expressed their opinion of the Missouri Compromise. They have, with great unanimity REPUDIATED representatives who, by flattery or corruption, or the promise of reward, sold themselves to the South, and the cause of Slavery. They have shown most conclusively, that the Repeal of that compromise NEVER received the sanction of the voters of the Union. We warn these pro-slavery men of Missouri, and the entire South, that such outrages as are here perpetrated and BOASTED OF, are rapidly preparing the minds of the people of the free States to *resist to the last the admission of Kanzas into the Union as a Slave State.*—No threat of a *dissolution of the Union* will drive them an inch from their firm resolve What is a Union worth that tolerates and invites such outrages? We make these remarks more in sorrow than in anger. We tell the pro-slavery party that there is deep feeling in the free States, and that it will assume a form *which will be felt* if these frauds and perjuries are to be countenanced and sustained by them. Let it be understood that Kanzas is made a slave State by SUCH influences, and no house of Representatives will ever *dare* to vote for its admission into the Union.—*O. S. Journal.*

SCANDINAVIAN SUPERSTITIONS.—All the various races and creeds upon earth possess a different idea of the blissful abodes of Paradise which are to be the residence of the good and brave hereafter. The Mahometan dreams that his Paradise is one of perpetual indolence, wherein he will be attended by beautiful houries, and retaining perpetual youth, will revel in sensuality. The Indian hunter believes his paradise to consist of hunting grounds, wherein the game will never fail and where with his faithful dog to beat him company he will pass his days amidst the delights of the chase, unmolested by the extirpating and hated "pale face." The Hindoo fancies that he will be resolved into the spiritual essence of his Deity and can conceive no higher happiness than that of utter annihilation. Every race of mankind trusts that their paradise will be in accordance with their own idiosyncrasies, but amongst all the strange ideas upon this subject we know of none more singular than that formerly believed in by the warlike Scandanavians—the sea kings—the ancestors of the Swedes and Norwegians of the present day, and it is credably asserted that in the northern and still almost savage portions of Norway, and amongst the Laplanders, a similar belief, although modified in some degree by a faint glimering of christianity still prevails. They believed—these worshipers of Thor and Odin—that there was a great hall appointed for the reception of the spirits of the brave, when they left the seat of the Gods, which was called Vahilla. There they were attended upon by twelve beautiful, yet terrible maidens, named Valkyries (chosers of the slain), and these were their guides from earth to the Halls of Valhilla. Their office was to supply them with mead. The occupation of drinking this northern nectar, and of eating the fat of the wild boar (*which, after serving as the daily food for thousands, became whole again every night*), filled up all these intervals of time in the Vahilla that were not passed in fighting. None but those who had shown surpassing bravery upon earth were admitted into this Scandinavian paradise; and when there, their daily amusement was to *fight with each other till all, or nearly all were cut in pieces.* But little harm, however, was done in this way, for the spiritual bodies soon re-united, and enabled the warriors to re-appear entire, in lithe and limb, at the feasts which followed these extraordinary engagements. The skulls of enemies were the drinking cups used at the entertainments of Vahilla, and the guests are described as being almost perpetually in a state of drunkenness. It was only when the cock announced the arrival of morning that these terrible heroes arose from the table, and issuing to the field of battle through the five hundred gates of Vahilla, hacked and slashed each other to pieces again. Such was the never ending round of enjoyment destined for the departed heroes of Scandanavia.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN CALIFORNIA. The New York Times thus discusses the present aspect of the Temperance Reform in the Golden State:

The Legislature has spent much time upon a bill to suppress gambling another to prevent Sabbath breaking, and still another to abate the nuisance of houses of ill fame. Moreover 20,000 petitioners it is thought, have sent up their prayer to the Legislature for a stringent Prohibitory Liquor Law. Six months ago the temperance organ in that State announced officially that there were 8,000 pledged temperance men in California. Now their number is estimated at 20,000—a rapid and wonderful progress in the temperance reform. The San Francisco News speaks thus on the subject:

The most marked revolution in this particular has taken place in the mining counties. In several of these counties there are eight and ten divisions of the Sons of Temperance, and their number is rapidly increasing. The many bloody fights, sudden deaths, and the loss of money at the numerous drinking and gambling saloons, so scattered over the country by the miners, appear to have aroused the people to the dangers which surround them. Many persons not heretofore friendly to the passage of the Maine Liquor Law, as well as others who are still opposed to the very stringent provisions of that act, feel that they should provide some means of counteracting the pernicious influence of these public drinking establishments upon the peace, health and morals of the people."

This is indeed curious news. But Californians are rapid people. They do things the day they begin. When they get a start they are sure to go. As they have been loose, there is no doubt that when they come to mend their habits they will make a tight job of it—and we should not be surprised to hear before the next session of the Legislature adjourns, California was added to the company of States that have prohibited with stringent penalties the sale of liquor. So mote it be.

CONGRESSIONAL MORALITY.—We were infinitely amused three or four weeks ago, by a practical joke in Washington City upon a number of the nice men of Congress. It was too good to be left unpublished.

A couple of merry fellows, one of them a distinguished member of Congress from a Southern State, and the other a distinguished ex-editor from Kentucky, concocted a letter purporting to be addressed by a young lady to a very fine looking gentlemen. It was got up in first-rate style. The pretended young lady set forth therein that she had several times seen the gentlemen she was addressing, that she was captivated by his fine face and manly form, that her heart was deeply touched by all she saw and heard of him, that she *must* make his acquaintance before his departure from the city, that she hoped and prayed he would forgive her seeming boldness as it was the first imprudent act of her life, that she had always moved and was still moving in the highest circle of the Capital, that she would be upon a certain square of a certain street at precisely 12 o'clock on the following day in a dress which she described with great particularity, and that she hoped and trusted he would meet her and thus afford her an opportunity of a brief personal intercourse with the idol of her heart. The two wags had between thirty and forty copies of this letter written by a female friend of theirs, and they sent these copies to between thirty and forty members of Congress, selecting those of course who were known to entertain a very exalted opinion of their own personal fascinations.

Everything being thus arranged, the two jokers called upon us and another young gentleman, explained what they had done, and invited us to get into their carriage, ride with them to the point of assignation, and see the sights. We unhesitatingly consented, and we saw sights sure enough. Riding upon the designated square, we beheld the whole of the thirty or forty members, Northern men and Southern men, Whigs, Democrats, and Know Nothings, walking to and fro, all gazing earnestly in every direction, and at every female figure to discover the object of their anxious search.

We concluded, that if a few more copies of the letter had been sent to the members of the House of Representatives, the House would have had to adjourn for want of a quorum.—*Louisville Journal.*

THE CHOCTAW INDIANS.—This tribe is one of the most civilized of the Aborigines. They are in the immediate neighborhood of the great States that lie on the west side of the Mississippi, occupying that extensive tract of country which, in parallelogram form lies immediately west of and adjoining the State of Arkansas, between the Canadian, a tributary of the Arkansas river, on the north, Red river on the south, and having the State of Texas on the west.

Their population, which is already 35,000 is rapidly increasing. Although their landed property is held according to the Indian custom, as a community or tribal right, yet they are cultivators of the soil, having reduced and holding in severalty their farms and tracts, which they cultivate, and from which they derive subsistence. The chase is abandoned, and they are gradually advancing in civilization, and in those pursuits which, under the wise management of our Government, are elevating them in a social point of view.

They have a regularly organized assembly, consisting of four Senatorial districts, each sending four Senators, and assembly districts, from which there is one representative to every thousand people. The Senate are elected for two years; the House of Representatives annually. They meet once a year at Doaksville to legislate for the tribe. The executive consists of a chief for each district, elected quadrennially, and these chiefs assemble at the same time that the Legislature does, and form a sort of executive council, the signatures of two of them being necessary to give effect to an act of the Assembly.

They have eight principal schools, consisting of from fifty to one hundred pupils each. Their language is reduced to *written* form, and elementary works in it have been published.

They are a peaceful people, possessing among them men of ability, are under religious precept, and exercise a decided influence for good upon the wild tribes that roam around them.

There is a tradition in the tribe that there were three brothers, named Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Muscogee, who came from the far West, each giving his name to a nation—the first two, to wit: The Choctaw and Chickasaw, are now blended, speaking the same language. The Muscogees are now known as the Creeks. From the Creeks sprang the Seminoles (or Wanderers.) a tribe whose acts of violence it required years to repress in Florida.—*Washington Star.*

ST. LOUIS, April 4.—Page & Bacon publish a card in the papers this morning, stating their intention to close their doors, and assuring their friends that their assets largely exceed their liabilities, but are not immediately available, but say their assets will be faithfully applied to pay off all their obligations.